

Blind Date 621

[Chapter 621 Dexter's Effort](#)

Larry and Andy arrived after a while. "Are you okay, Mrs. Russell?" they asked concernedly.

Josie brushed away the snow on Dexter's head and replied, "I'm fine. I'll recover in no time."

Dexter knelt calmly on the ground, peering up at Josie with kind eyes. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

Josie rubbed her stomach, which was rumbling with hunger. "Yes, I'm famished from playing the whole morning," she answered.

"Let's grab some food then."

Dexter supported Josie as they made their way through the extravagant hotel with its five- star restaurant. This was a popular destination for the wealthy, who would come to ski and enjoy the luxurious amenities.

Josie had a fulfilling day.

As they lay side by side on the bed, Dexter had a sudden thought. "It's the end of the year, and our branch executives will have a final debriefing at Wavery. You should come with me to welcome them," he suggested.

Josie's eyes widened in surprise. "This involves the Russell Group's internal matters. I don't think it would be appropriate to have me there."

"You're my wife. How is it not appropriate?" Dexter caressed her hair. "It's alright. Think of it. as a chance for you to get to know them better. After all, you'll be seeing them more often."

Josie's heart was racing, but his words helped to slow it down. She nodded in assent to his request, her eyes still filled with worry.

Dexter assured Josie that she didn't need to worry about the event. All she had to do was be there.

They welcomed the executives from the airport.

Josie greeted each of them politely, in which she was addressed as "Mrs. Russell" when they greeted her respectfully in return.

Although they knew of her, Dexter had never introduced them to her personally before. They knew that if he were willing to do so, it would be because he was determined to make Josie the heart and soul of the Russell family.

Hence, it was clear that they would treat Josie respectfully.

Wever, Josie didn't seem to understand the implications of her presence at such an event.

He asked her nonchalantly, "Do you know who these people are?"

Josie had no information whatsoever about their identities. Her eyes widened in confusion as she shrugged bemusedly.

They were the Russell Group's best-skilled leaders, with expertise across each department, and were at the helm of the company's operations. They were the ones shaping the future of the Russell Group.

The media wouldn't have to worry about the contents for their news outlets over the next week if Josie's meeting with the executives were known to them.

Dexter smiled at her without saying a word.

Dexter had meticulously planned their stay at a luxurious hot spring villa by a beach. Josie finally understood why he had told her not to get worried.

When they reached the villa, Josie noticed that Summer was also present. She was dressed in shorts, even though it was the dead of winter. She waited for them in the lavishly decorated villa, her poise and charisma undeniable. "Dex, you guys have finally arrived," she said. "I had a business meeting here and heard the news about the Russell Group's people coming over, so I decided to wait here."

She flicked her eyes to Josie and offered a brief blink of acknowledgment.

Josie felt that Summer's actions were deliberately provocative. She could tell that Summer was up to something, and she felt her blood start to boil. Why is Summer here?

Fortunately, Dexter immediately noticed her sudden change in mood. "You're here working barely days after your wedding. I take it Arnold isn't treating you well," he commented with a wry smile.

Summer's smile faltered.

He was establishing a clear boundary with her.

Dexter's direct statement hinted to the executives, especially his wife, that he had nothing going on with Summer. Everyone around there understood the underlying meaning of his words.

Josie was secretly pleased as Dexter spoke sternly, almost as if he was warning her not to overstep her boundaries.

Summer reined in her frustrations and suggested coolly, "Arnold is here as well. We shall meet up for tea another day."

Dexter's hand was warm in Josie's as they walked towards the room in the mountain. The room itself was a feast for the senses, with its rustic furniture and bubbling hot spring pools, their steam rising like wisps of fog.

Josie was extremely pleased with the room. "It's so comfortable."

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Dexter placed her luggage down and explained, "The water is said to have healing properties." He shuffled about, his hands touching the furniture around him. "You can finally start to make up for the time you lost at the Sky Palace."

He still remembered.

Larry had arranged dinner for them inside the villa, in which Wavery's local dishes were served. Dexter strode into the restaurant in his casual outfit, his confidence radiating off of him. This was the first time anyone had seen him outside of work, and they were all surprised by how different he looked. His sternness had been replaced by a youthful look, and he carried himself with a demeanor that was both charming and disarming.

On the other hand, Josie's face was painted with makeup that accentuated her beautiful appearance. She understood the importance of her role as Dexter's wife.

During dinner, Dexter, accompanied by Josie, gave a toast to everyone at the table, "I hope you have a great time here."

Josie raised her glass in a cheerful toast, her smile lighting up the room.

Summer had her business meeting at the table next to theirs. When she saw what was happening at their table, her hands clenched tightly, her fingers digging into her palms as jealousy rose within her.

As the night went on, someone at the table became tipsy and started stuttering as they asked. Josie, "Is Mr. Russell as stern at home as he is in the office? Aren't you afraid of him?"

Josie glanced at the man beside her. He was holding a champagne glass, swirling the champagne inside indifferently. After a moment's pause, she shook her head at the executive.

Dexter stopped swirling his champagne glass and pinched her cheek lightly with a playful grin. "Why did you take so long to answer? I've never been stern with you.

"He gets angry easily."

"If I say no, it means no."

Josie was left speechless by his insistence.

She let out a forceful laugh, her eyes sparkling with mirth. "See! This is what I'm talking about."

Dexter's voice caught in his throat, his face flushing red. He was flustered by her sudden tease.

Their bickering was like a symphony of love, filled with playful banter and gentle teasing.

Seeing how they interacted, Summer took a deep breath and walked over with her glass. "Mrs. Russell, I would like to make a toast to you. I missed out on your wedding, so I hope this counts as a toast for that time."

Josie's eyes fixated on her with a cold stare.

Her words seemed harmless and innocent, so Josie couldn't reject her toast in front of the executives, even if she wanted to.

Josie forced a smile and said through a thin sheer of politeness, "Thank you."

Just as Josie's lips were about to touch the glass, Dexter swiftly took it from her. "My wife can't drink," he interjected. "I'll drink this for her." D

It was a statement, not a question, and Summer knew she couldn't refuse.

Summer was taken aback. She didn't have a chance to object.

"Of course," Summer responded, flustered.

Dexter lifted the glass and downed the glass of champagne, showing off his profound jawline.

When he finished the drink, the people at the table started to cheer for him. "Mrs. Russell, you are so lucky..." D

Josie's lips curled into a smile. Her cheeks slowly turned red at the cheers. Dexter's gaze softened as he stared at her, his eyes filled with affection and warmth. The two of them made a beautiful picture, their love for each other evident in their expressions.

Summer's grip on her glass tightened like a vice, her knuckles turning white as she fought.

On the other side, a warm fire spread throughout Josie's chest, filling her with delight and warmth as she gazed sweetly at Dexter.

They had been at the dinner table for hours. Summer excused herself, explaining that she wasn't feeling well. Josie felt like a weight had been lifted as soon as she was gone.

It was a rare occasion to see Dexter so relaxed and happy. He laughed and smiled as he toasted with the executives, who greeted him warmly.

The executives talked about the current state of their industry, but Josie didn't understand a word they were saying. She was nearly lulled to sleep by Dexter's deep, gravelly voice.

She didn't want to ruin their fun, so she secretly poured some champagne into her glass and sipped on it occasionally to stay awake.

She focused on her dinner, eating everything Dexter picked for her without complaining. When she was finally full, she pulled on his cuff and looked at him with her doe eyes. "Dex, I can't eat anymore."

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Adorable Woman

Dexter turned to her and chuckled warmly, "Alright, cutie."

Josie continued to sip on her champagne secretly. As they were about to leave, Dexter noticed Josie's flushed cheeks and ears. She was swaying on her feet, and she leaned against him for support.

The champagne had gone straight to her head, and her whole body was on fire. She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks and ears, and her eyes were glistening with tears. "I think I'm drunk," she said, her voice shaking.

Dexter wrapped her in his embrace and greeted the guest. "My wife is feeling tipsy from the alcohol. I'll have to take her back to the room."

Everyone at the table nodded in understanding.

Josie's body went limp in Dexter's arms, and she whimpered softly. Her voice was light and high, and her breath came in short gasps. Dexter could feel her trembling, and he knew that she was feeling very uncomfortable.

Everyone else directed their lecherous gaze at her. Mrs. Russell's voice is so flirtatious...

Dexter shot a glance at them, and the people quickly looked away.

They were astonished to see the way Dexter treated Josie behind the scenes. It was definitely not the way that the rumors had portrayed their relationship. Contrary to the rumors that Dexter didn't like his wife, they noticed the affection and care they shared for each other in their actions and expressions.

Larry led them back to their rooms as Dexter carried Josie inside. He held the door open and said to Larry, "Please ask the receptionist to bring a cup of tea."

"I'll head over now."

As soon as she was placed on the bed, Josie rolled around; her dark, long hair sticking to her face. Her makeup was mostly rubbed off, but her red lips were still alluring.

Dexter placed his arms under her head, a playful grin playing at his lips as he teased, "It's time for bed. Goodnight."

Her eyes immediately opened, and she whimpered softly, her hands still in his. "I feel terrible," she whined. "My head hurts, and my stomach hurts. Even my hands hurt."

She was definitely taken over by the alcohol. Every word she spoke was tinged by the effects of alcohol.

Dexter was amused by the way she was acting. It was the first time he had seen Josie behaving in such a childlike manner.

"Who told you to drink so much alcohol secretly?"

"I was getting tired, but you were busy talking to everyone else. I couldn't fall asleep there, so I just drank," Josie responded in a hushed voice..

Dexter's smile widened. "Why didn't you tell me? I would've stopped if you had asked."

"I didn't want to bother you," Josie pouted in a weak voice.

His smile faltered as he listened to her words. His heart pounded in his chest, and he felt a knot of anxiety. forming in his stomach.

She was still afraid of him.

Soon, Larry arrived with a cup of tea. Dexter helped Josie sit up in bed, and she took a few sips of the tea. Her eyes drooped with exhaustion, but she felt slightly better after drinking the tea.

Later, Dexter brought the makeup remover from the dressing table and began to wipe Josie's face. His movements were harsh, and they caused her to wince in pain.

Josie's face was free of makeup, but her cheeks were flushed a dusky rose from the alcohol. The flush made her skin look soft and inviting, like a ripe peach begging to be bitten into.

Dexter was sweating by the time he finished. He helped her up and said softly, "You can't sleep right now. Let's get you into the bath, okay?"

"I don't want to bathe... I'm too tired..."

He ignored her refusal. Her stance was wobbly, and she could barely stand. He began to unbutton her blouse, and soon, her clothes were all taken off.

There was nothing to hide from each other, and even Josie wasn't embarrassed by it anymore. The hot spring water enveloped Josie, and the scent of medicinal herbs filled her nose. Her exhaustion melted away, and she felt her soul being cleansed..

Dexter scrubbed Josie's body with a sponge, his hands moving slowly and deliberately. No one would ever imagine Dexter helping a woman bathe. He had never done anything like this before, and he couldn't help but feel slightly dumbfounded by the situation.

Despite everything, he held a sweet and affectionate gaze as he looked at her.

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As Long as You Stay by My Side

As soon as Josie was in the hot spring, she became limp and compliant. Dexter held her tightly, afraid she would slip away if he let go.

The full moon hung like a bright beacon in the sky, casting its silvery light over the landscape. Dexter was never one to give freely. His warmth and affection always came with a price. He was a man who always wanted something in return..

The woman's beauty was captivating, even more so as she stood submerged in the water.

The heat of desire coursed through Dexter's body like a river of lava as he approached her. Josie moaned. softly, her voice a high-pitched wail of pleasure.

The water was still and silent, but Josie's chest still heaved as she struggled to catch her breath. Her knees were weak and wobbly, and she could feel the pain radiating from her legs. She was fully awake now.

Josie's head was still spinning from the alcohol, and she felt lightheaded. Dexter leaned in close and whispered, "Do you like me?"

"Who are you referring to?" she responded with a casual tone.

He then rephrased his question and asked, "Do you like Dexter or Morgan?"

"Dexter," she answered without a second of hesitation.

His lips curled into a smile with a hint of satisfaction.

Dexter leaned in closer to her and kissed her lips. "Jo, I won't let you feel wronged again as long as you stay by my side," he uttered.

Dexter's eyes were like two blazing coals as he approached her. His veins were pumping with adrenaline, and he could barely contain his desire. It was as if he wanted to prove that she was his.

The tub would have been parched if the water hadn't been flowing into it constantly.

Josie was fully awake by the time they finished.

Dexter's lips curled into a mischievous smirk. "The winter in Wavery is really beautiful. I'll take you around whenever I'm free."

Josie's eyes widened as she saw the floor-to-ceiling window on the other end of the tub. The window offered a stunning view of the outside that stretched for miles. She couldn't help but smile as she admired the scenery.

The sea was a sheet of ice, its surface shimmering like a thousand diamonds under the streetlights. Josie parted her lips in a silent gasp as her eyes laid upon the view before them.

The sight of the sea sparkling under the moonlight filled Josie's heart with warmth.

"Dexter, don't be too nice to me," Josie said with an exaggerated sigh, her voice layered with dread and a hint of concern.

Dexter's face was flashed with darkness; his heart felt like it was being squeezed. But before he let a word in, Josie fell into his embrace as the drowsiness started taking over her. "Hug me to sleep, won't you?"

He had been upset with her earlier, but her proactive gesture made him forget all about it.

They were in deep slumber from midnight until the following afternoon.

Josie lifted her eyes and gazed at Dexter's face, his stubble adding a touch of ruggedness to his handsome features. He was sleeping soundly, his chest rising and falling steadily as he held her close.

Josie's head was throbbing, resulting from last night's rigorous workout and excessive drinking.

She slowly got out of bed, her head still pounding from the previous night's excesses. She padded across the warm tiles to the bathroom, her eyes widening in shock as she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror.

Her body was a patchwork of bruises, painful evidence of the night's activities. She buried her face in her palms, trying to remember what had happened last night. She shivered instinctively, imagining how wild the night had been.

The thought of it made her cheeks burn red.

As Dexter slept soundly, Josie changed into a fresh set of clothes. She called room service and ordered a light lunch, savoring the taste of the food as she basked in the warm afternoon sunlight.

The long coastline of Wavery was a sight to behold. The sea was frozen solid, and the air was so cold that it stung your skin. Yet, the scene was serene, as if the world had been put on pause.

Dexter woke up to the view of Josie admiring the sea. She was completely still, her expression one of peace and tranquility.

The sunlight streamed through the window, illuminating Josie's hair like a halo. She sat by the window, her hands gently cradling a book. She looked like an angel, a vision of beauty and grace.

He was mesmerized; his eyes lit up as he took his phone and called, "Josie!"

Josie swiveled her head around, her eyes widening as she saw the camera pointed at her. The shutter clicked.

She closed her book, her cheeks flushing as she inquired, "Were you taking a picture of me?"

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Keep You Safe

Dexter smiled mischievously and put his phone away. He leaned over Josie's shoulder and took a bite of her French toast. "Do you remember what you said to me last night?" he asked.

Josie was worried when Dexter brought up her past mistakes. She shook her head at first but then nodded. when she saw the strange expression on his face.

Dexter smirked and said, "It's okay. As long as I remember it, it's fine."

Josie's heart fluttered when she heard his response. Her curiosity was piqued, and she probed, "What did I say?"

"You said..." The words lingered in the air for several seconds; his eyes lit up with a playful glint as he observed her expressions. "You said I was the most good-looking man you've seen."

Josie rolled her eyes at his silly comment..

Dexter placed the last piece of toast in her mouth and stood up. "I don't have anything planned this afternoon. Let's go for a walk."

Dexter rarely had time for himself, thanks to his busy work schedule..

Josie wore a long beige trench coat, and Dexter held her hand tightly as they walked out of the villa from the back door.

After a short walk, they arrived at a bustling street lined with seafood restaurants, souvenir shops, and street artists. Artists were setting up their easels and offering to draw portraits of tourists for a hefty price.

Dexter and Josie were a striking couple, and their presence drew the attention of everyone in the area. Thankfully, no one seemed to recognize them.

The inns in the area were all charming, with flowers blooming in window boxes.

Josie gripped Dexter's hand tightly. This was her favorite part of Wavery.

Josie slowed her pace and stopped at a stall selling handmade items. Dexter looked down at the items and asked, "You like this?"

She nodded at him. "Yes, I want to try it out."

We shall try it then.

The owner offered them a small stool to sit on and invited them to try making the items themselves.

They were given beads, chains, and a few shells. Josie carefully selected a few beads and asked Dexter to pass her the chain. She then began to put the beads together.

The beads were very tiny, so it required good eyesight and a lot of concentration to thread them onto the chain. Josie kept making mistakes, which frustrated Dexter. "You're such a dummy," he scolded her playfully, patting her head.

They switched places, and Dexter could thread the beads onto the chain without any problems. "This is kind of fun, he muttered with a hint of a smile.

Dexter measured Josie's wrist against the bracelet he had made for her. The bracelet was filled with shells

shapes and sizes, each one sparkling in the sunlight. As Josie moved, the shells made a soothing tinkling sound.

Josie was thrilled with the bracelet Dexter had made for her. "It's beautiful," she said, awe-struck at the object on her wrist. "It's better than any name-brand bracelet."

Dexter's lips curled into a smile.

His handiwork had even garnered respect from the owner, with the owner heaping praises upon Dexter's work.

Josie had a sudden thought. "I'm already wearing a rosary bracelet," she said. "I don't think I should wear this one with it."

The man's forehead furrowed, but Josie had an idea. "You can keep it to keep you safe," she said.

"You need it more than I do," Josie added. "I just need something pretty" She didn't wait for his response. before removing the rosary bracelet from her wrist and putting it on his. "This was given to me by Claudia. She got it from Sousturham. I'm passing it on to you now to keep you safe."

He wanted to decline her gift but couldn't refuse her sincere gesture.

He then asked the owner, "How much does this cost?"

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The owner told him, "A hundred and forty-two." The price even had a special meaning: "I love you."

Josie whispered under her breath. "I think she's ripping you off.

How could a mere hundred be considered a rip-off? She must not be aware of his identity as Dexter Russell, the CEO of the Russell Group.

Dexter smiled and said, "I'll pay with a credit card. Thanks." He then took out his credit card.

The owner grinned from ear to ear as she processed their purchase.

After a short while, Josie noticed that the bracelet kept tinkling whenever she walked.

"Is it too loud?" she asked, her eyes darting around the crowd nervously. She didn't want to attract unnecessary attention.

Dexter squeezed her hand tighter and said, with a glimmer in his eye, "This way, I won't need to worry about losing you."

Josie's heart fluttered at his sweet remark.

After a while, they ran into Summer.

Summer was a master networker and socializer. When she learned that Dexter had brought a large group of top executives with him, she was eager to make connections.

She was beautiful and held a powerful position in the company, so it was easy for her to win over the executives. If they got along well, they could work for the Olsen Group in the future.

Therefore, she invited a young man to go for a walk with her today.

Coincidentally, the young man was the director in charge of Russell Group's venture capital investments. He was a highly skilled student who had been scouted by Dexter.

They were getting along well. When Summer looked up from her coffee, she saw Dexter and Josie walking towards them, hand in hand.

They were holding hands and looked like they were enjoying each other's company.

Summer felt a surge of jealousy at the sight of them.

The man sitting with Summer stood up and greeted them. "Mr. Russell, what a coincidence!"

Dexter nodded in greeting, but his eyes narrowed with suspicion when he took notice of Summer's presence. "What are you two doing here?"

He was quick to distance himself from Summer. "Summer invited me for coffee. I was bored in the villa, so I thought I'd join her."

Summer stood up and confirmed, "Yes."

Dexter nodded calmly and didn't ask any further questions. He gestured for them to sit down and enjoy their coffee. "You two go ahead."

Dexter's face had turned even grimmer. Josie couldn't help but feel a pang of worry when she saw his darkened expression.

Did Dexter get jealous because Summer was with another man?

They walked in silence; the only sound that emitted between them was the crunch of their footsteps on the gravel path. The friendly atmosphere between them earlier had been replaced by a pressuring tension.

The sun was about to set, and the air was cold and crisp, stinging their skin as the wind blew. Josie subconsciously pulled her hand away from Dexter.

Dexter held her hand tighter and turned to look at her. "Why aren't you asking me about it? You're clearly unhappy."

He knew it all along.

Josie felt a bitter sense of pain coil around her heart. "Something seemed to be bothering you, so I didn't want to distract you."

Dexter pulled out his phone from his pocket and demanded, "Follow Summer and Mr. Hensley. I want to know everything they talk about."

Josie pulled her hands away from his and shoved them into her cold pockets.

She then walked ahead of him.

Josie walked too hastily, her legs stumbling in the snow. She almost fell, but the man quickly steadied her from behind. "Are you angry?" he asked.

Dexter followed behind her with his long strides. Josie's breath came in short gasps as she tried to keep her distance from him, her eyes stinging from the cold air.

"Why are you acting this way?" Dexter asked again, wrapping his arms around her. He helped her to wipe the snow off her face. "How did I make you angry?"

His tone was calm and gentle, but Josie was still unsure how to respond.

Dexter was incredibly patient with her. He looked into her eyes affectionately and explained, "You must know what kind of power the Olsen family holds in Wavery, don't you?"

Before Josie could interject, he continued, "They can pose a great risk to the Russell Group, especially if my people end up working with them."

Josie tried to connect the dots as she asked carefully, "You're afraid that there might be a spy hiding within the management?"

Josie may not have seemed to understand fully, but Summer was an opportunist who knew the tricks of the trade.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Summer stood up and bid Mr. Hensley farewell. "We'll talk again next time.. The Olsen family won't let you down. Please consider my offer."

[Chapter 627](#)

Unannounced Guest

After welcoming the executives, it was time for the Russell Group's annual meeting. Dexter would be very busy with his work.

Josie's work studio was running smoothly under Laura and the other employees. Her only responsibility was to work on her drawings and send them to the studio. Dexter had mentioned in the villa by the seaside that Josie could participate in the Russell Group's events.

Josie felt that it wasn't appropriate for her to be there. She was still hung up on the they had only gotten married as a business partnership.

past when

"Didn't you plan the annual meeting very well last time? Even when the Russell Group faced a crisis, you stood up courageously with your ideas and overcame the problem. Why are you worried now?" Dexter teased her, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

Josie glared at him. "How is this the same? It's the annual meeting where all of Russell Group's top executives attend. What would they think of me if I attended? After all, I messed up the partnership meeting the last time..."

Josie felt a pang of guilt when she thought about this.

"It could only mean that you need more practice. So you have to be there for your own sake," Dexter said matter-of-factly as he poured himself a cup of tea.

Once he made his mind up, there was no changing it. Josie understood what he meant and sighed deeply before replying, "Alright then. Thank you, Mr. Russell, for giving me more. workload."

Dexter held her hand tightly in his.

The annual meeting was a big occasion. In addition to the executives she had met at the hot spring villa, there were also the directors of the various departments under the Russell. Group and the executive directors in the meeting room.

Josie followed Dexter and Larry, a stack of files in her hands. Her glasses sat neatly on her nose, and her makeup was understated but polished. She smiled warmly, her lips curling into a gentle arc. Her professional demeanor was accentuated by her warm smile and friendly eyes.

Everyone in the meeting room started to exchange glances when they saw her enter the room. They assumed that Mr. Russell's wife would be participating in the work at the Russell Group.

And Dexter had allowed her to do so.

"If everyone's here, we can start now," he announced to the table as he opened the laptop.

"Everyone who should be here is here, but it seems we have an unannounced guest," Yanis remarked scornfully, his hostility towards Josie evident.

Josie kept her composure, and Dexter was unfazed by Yanis' comment. "If you're referring to my wife, then you must be opposing me. She's my wife, so do you think I'm also a guest here?"

He spoke in a relaxed tone, but there was a steely edge to his words that made everyone in the meeting room sit up and take notice.

Yanis' face turned ashen pale. "That's not what I meant, Dexter," he said, his voice trembling. "It's ridiculous for you to think that way of me."

"Please refer to me as Mr. Russell at work," Dexter reminded, his words straightforward and unforgiving.

Yanis fidgeted in his seat, his eyes darting around the table. The words had registered, and he could feel the tension building in his jaw. He thought about leaving, but the thought of the bonuses at the end of the year kept him rooted to his seat. He couldn't bear standing up to Dexter now, not when so much was at stake.

The meeting room started to fill with chatter and gossip. Dexter had already defended Josie and humiliated one of the executive directors, and the room was buzzing with speculation about what this meant. Was Dexter warning everyone that they should not cross Josie?

"Let's begin," Josie's voice was soft and gentle, but it carried an air of assertiveness and confidence as it traveled through the large meeting room.

The meeting was in full swing, with Dexter listening to the reports from each department's representative. Josie, who was in charge of taking minutes, took a moment to pour everyone a cup of water when the meeting reached its midpoint. Despite her position as Dexter's wife, she maintained a humble and friendly attitude.

"Thank you, Mrs. Russell," they expressed, stammering slightly. They were pleasantly surprised by Josie's approachability and friendliness.

She smiled warmly and said, "You're welcome."

When she passed Yanis a cup of water, she maintained her composure and smiled politely at him. "You've worked hard, Mr. Russell," she enunciated.

Yanis glared at her and said firmly, "It seems like Mrs. Russell has Mr. Russell wrapped around her little finger. Aren't you going to ask me what tea I prefer?"

"This pot of tea is better. Would you like to try it, Mr. Russell?" Josie asked as she poured him.

a cup of tea.

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It's Not Easy to Be Mrs Russell

Yanis' face turned grim, and he didn't touch the teacup throughout the rest of the meeting. Josie didn't spare him a glance as she passed by and continued her work.

Yanis' eyes were fixated on Josie's back. This young woman may not have said or done anything, but she had the presence of the heart and soul of the Russell family.

I can't believe Dexter treats her with such affection and care!

The meeting lasted two hours, and everyone went to lunch together at noon.

Josie sat with the secretaries, not wanting to draw attention to herself by speaking with Dexter.

Dexter wasn't pleased with her actions. He shot her several glances-it was evident that he was wondering why she was avoiding him.

Josie smiled, her hands brushing against his thighs under the table.

The touch was ticklish, and he almost lost his cool.

He texted Josie, 'If you're so brave, why don't you sit by my side?'

Josie replied, I'm not that brave.

Dexter's smile returned. Later, an executive approached him and spoke to him in a hushed voice. They then left the table and headed for the office. Josie's heart swelled as she stared at his large, broad back..

After lunch, she went to the pantry.

Not everyone was happy to see her at the meeting. A few employees who admired Dexter were gathered in the pantry, gossiping about her.

"Isn't office romance banned in the Russell Group? How did Josie manage to marry Dexter?"

"Exactly. I remembered that Josie was an employee in the design department."

"Who knows what kind of tricks she used to seduce Dexter? He even gave up on Summer for her. She's definitely not an ordinary woman."

The women gossiped in hushed tones, their voices filled with envy and displeasure. They each held a cup of hot coffee in their hands.

"Now that she's married to Dexter, she's decided to leave the Russell Group. She must be afraid of the gossip," one of them commented from her perch on a tall stool, her legs crossed.

"Isn't she here now? She must be up to something," another chimed in.

Josie stood behind the wall, out of sight, listening to what they had to say about her and Dexter.

"She looks like an ordinary girl with an average body. What did Dexter ever see in her?" They went on badmouthing Josie without

any restraint.

Just then, Larry arrived at the pantry and overheard part of the conversation. He wanted to go in and stop them, but Josie blocked him, shaking her head to signal him not to meddle in her business.

"But..."

Josie turned around and walked into the pantry. She casually poured herself a cup water, her calm and composed manner leaving them startled and frozen. of hot

She didn't say a word in her defense. However, they held their breaths, struggling to figure out how long she had been there and how much she had heard.

"When I first joined the Russell Group, Dexter and the company were not as successful as they are today," Josie said, lifting her gaze and staring at them. "Now that the company is successful, I have to leave so people won't speak carelessly of us behind our backs. Wouldn't you say that I'm the one who is losing out?"

Their breaths caught in their throats, afraid of what Josie might do. But as her words registered, they realized she was simply explaining her position.

"But... But you're married to Mr. Russell," someone spoke up bravely.

"I'm sure you've all seen the news surrounding our relationship. Do you think it's easy to be Mrs. Russell?" Josie skillfully replied to her question, leaving no room for rebuttal.

News about Mrs. Russell had been sweeping the internet frequently for the past two years, resulting in various critiques from the online community. It was only recently that they began to receive more positive comments from the public.

When she first got together with Dexter, she was used by various media outlets and constantly thrown to the wolves.

[Chapter 629](#)

Your Ex Wasn't Responsible

"You've already won in life, so you can say whatever nonsense you want," the woman huffed, expressing her reluctance to accept Josie's explanation. "You used all kinds of petty tricks to win Dexter's heart. None of us here are lacking in terms of physical appearance. The only thing that helped you get the title of Mrs. Russell is your luck.

Her words exposed her immaturity and envy towards Josie, leaving her baffled and flustered. She couldn't hold in her laughter in the end.

"Why are you laughing?"

She laughed because she knew Dexter didn't care about appearance.

"What you say about me doesn't reflect who I truly am. They only reflect your character and your lack of class," Josie chuckled at the end of her sentence. She didn't want to explain any further.

Josie left the pantry with her cup of warm water. She had grown more resilient to the opinions of others.

She didn't let their opinions get to her.

"You're such a bigmouth! Don't you have anything better to do?" Larry finally went into the pantry to reprimand them after Josie left.

"Mr. Peeple..."

The meeting continued for another four hours after lunch. Josie's meeting minutes were well-written and free of errors.

Seeing that Yanis wasn't in the meeting room, Josie secretly texted Dexter. He replied, 'Do you check your textbook after a test?'

Yanis wouldn't be here to tolerate any further insults after losing face earlier.

Josie's breath caught in her throat when she saw the message. She replied, 'I actually do.'

After a short while, he sent another message, 'I really can't tell.'

Their conversation ended there.

The meeting finally ended in the evening, but they would have to continue their discussions for the next two days due to the complexity of the issues related to their management.

After following him around all day, Josie realized how busy and tiring Dexter's schedule was.

Larry looked through her meeting minutes when they arrived at Dexter's office. "Mrs. Russell, you're really talented. Our secretaries could use some training from you."

"You're flattering me."

Dexter signaled for Larry to hand him the meeting minutes. As Larry passed them over, he continued to praise Josie. "I'm only speaking the truth," he said. "Why don't you return to work with the Russell Group? I believe this is where you belong."

He was laying it on a bit thick with his compliments. Josie couldn't help but smile as she replied, "I still prefer designing."

She needed to hand in her drafts for the partnered project with the Carter Group soon. After that, the construction process would officially begin. This meant that she would be required to monitor the progress at the construction site and wouldn't be free to join in the events at the Russell Group.

"It's not bad," Dexter commented nonchalantly. "How did you make such a simple mistake in the last meeting? It must have been because your ex was present."

"Ha!..." Larry couldn't hold in his laughter, amused by the way Dexter expressed his jealousy in such a relaxed and carefree tone.

He immediately covered his mouth and left the office quickly and cleverly.

Josie's eyes blazed as she glared at him. "Dexter! Are you trying to get on my nerves?"

He sat at the head of the meeting table, dressed in a formal suit, but his expression was casual and carefree. He looked at her with a mischievous grin, exuding a rather playful demeanor.

"You must be the epitome of jealousy."

Dexter didn't try to deny it. "I heard that the illegitimate child of the Bastille family has returned. He's planning to fight with your ex for their assets."

Josie ignored Dexter's mention of Morgan. "The Bastille family had an illegitimate child?"

Dexter's lips widened into a grin. "You seem to be clueless about your ex. What did you guys talk about when you were together? The weather? The moon? He must've been a bad boyfriend if he wasn't bothered to reveal anything about himself."

He would keep talking about it as long as she was there. So, Josie picked up her bag from the sofa and turned around. "You can continue. I'm leaving."

"Why are you getting mad?" Dexter continued to tease her as he hurried to catch "You don't even let me speak the truth."

"Dex!" Josie's face was flushed red with frustration. Her eyes narrowed as she turned around and pointed at him angrily.

"I'll stop," he chuckled, holding her hands. "Let's go home."

[Chapter 630](#)

At the Construction Site

After the Carter Group reviewed and approved the submitted draft, construction began shortly thereafter.

Josie initially wanted Laura to follow up on the project's progress, but she didn't want any more rumors to spread. Ultimately, it would be more suitable for her to be in charge, as she was the designer. Laura would have found it difficult to be involved as she was still a member of the Olsen family.

Therefore, Josie ended up handling the project.

After all, Arnold wouldn't be on-site.

Dexter knew that she was getting busier with her work at her studio, but he didn't realize that the project she was handling was related to the Carter Group, so he didn't object. He was also busy with his own work at the Russell Group.

Josie was grateful that Dexter didn't force her to return to the Russell Group, but she didn't tell him that the project she was working on was for the Carter Group.

If he knew, he would have asked her to withdraw from the project. She couldn't just let all her hard work go to waste.

Josie spent days and nights at the construction site, wearing a safety helmet and overseeing the construction work. She was the only woman in charge of a group of brawny and large men, but they respected her because of her great skills and formidable attitude.

Despite her lean figure and gentle voice, her words were firm and assertive. "How could you make a mistake in this area? You should just insert cement your head if you're not going to use your brains."

"I drew the plan very clearly. Are you blind, or is there something wrong with your brain?"

"This is not a joke. Have you forgotten what happened to the Russell Group? The Russell Group is still recovering from the crisis caused by the construction problem. If you don't want the Carter Group to end up the same way, get your heads in the game."

Josie stood under the hot sun, holding the building plan in her hands, as she reprimanded them.

The muscular men at the construction site didn't dare to argue with her.

Who knew such a tiny girl would have so much charisma?

Soon enough, everyone knew that the designer of this construction project was a bold woman who was not afraid of anything.

Arnold, who had just finished his meeting, was also notified.

"It's the project Mrs. Russell is in charge of," Andy added.

Arnold paused momentarily. "I don't recall you ever referring to her as Mrs. Russell before."

Andy choked on his breath. "That was in the past, Mr. Carter."

Dexter had a new way of doing things. He no longer kept Josie under wraps. In fact, he even brought her to their annual executive meeting. This clearly demonstrated Josie's status.

No one could tear them apart.

Andy had clung to a glimmer of hope in the past, but he didn't dare look at Arnold now.

"What's on my schedule for this afternoon?"

Andy flipped through his notebook and reported, "Mrs. Carter has invited you to the Olsen residence. Mr. Olsen's health has deteriorated."

"What time?"

"Around two."

"Alright," Arnold crumpled the document in his hands. "I'll be heading out before then."

"Ah..." Andy's words trailed off. "Are you having lunch?"

The food at the construction site was not very nutritious. Josie joined the workers in eating takeout food. Over time, the construction workers began to warm up to Josie, realizing that her stern attitude was a result of her concern for the quality of the project.

"Isn't it tiring to work here?"

"It is," Josie responded, nodding her head. "But it's my line of work. I've gotten used to it."

"There aren't many young women who can withstand the rigorous work here," said Will, one of the men. His face was red from being under the sun. "Many college students want to work in office buildings, so not many would choose to work in engineering."

“Will, aren’t I a lady too?” Angelina directed her question at him with a steely gaze, clearly displeased with his comment. She had been following closely with Josie for this project.